

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.) "I shall never see your face again!" cried pretty but willful Nina Wilder

stormily. "All right," was the cool rejoinder of her flance. Walter Bross-"you'll

be sorry!" betraying the necessity of emphasis made a notable cavalier and envelagainst the dictates of her real soul. oped in a long cloak as soon as a cab "I shall go away from you as far as had taken Nina and her chaperon

forget you!" "Then I'll go, too!" Walter assured pany at a distance. her.

If you do!" insisted Nina, and then pursuing the main thoroughfares leadshe rushed from the room and up the ing to the place of the masquerade. stairs, and throwing herself on a couch in her own apartment burst | did so two suspicious occurrences into a violent fit of hysterics.

were two beings more felicitously adapted to make life bright and happy together than they. Nina was an or- turning. phan living with a widowed aunt and possessed of a very liberal income from the estate of her dead father. Walter had just inherited a large for- drove on. tune. He made no pretense of active pany well patronized by political influ- in pursuit of the other carriage. ence, all the real labor of its managedinate officers.

had been in love before, both were and her aunt had been spotted by a young, fond of society, petted and league of criminals. Her diamonds,



Was Transformed Into a Very Natural Looking Gentleman of the Upper Italian Set.

children of the heart they quarreled, went through the luxury of reproaches, then tears, then contrition, then new plunge into a happy reconciliation.

This time, however, the "tiff" was chief Walter had flirted outrageously with a young lady whom Nina detested. In retaliation the latter received the attention of an old discarded flame. Then the crisis—the pretty enthe following day Walter was bewildered, shocked, made madly desand her aunt had left the city.

deed started on a trip abroad.

way of New York. Meantime, al- wriggled his nose.

ther progress homeward.

hotel of Rome, was gloomily wonder- now, if you show him a piece of flypa- agine, was piled all over the second the contending war forces and forget trying to get away from it.-Indian- and handbags, golf bags and burlap his troubles amid the roar of cannon apolis News. and the boom of bursting shells. How Nina would regret that her stubbornness had sent him to a tragic death. luxurious chair in which he was rest- to myself how distressingly homely ing. Two ladies had just arrived at were most of the people who passed on their way to the parlor.

eron.

stored love of his soul. He had found | Kansas City Star.

He knew Nina well. He realized that, given the benefit of any abrupt advance on his part, she would insist on torturing him with feigned or real indifference until she had "taught him a lesson." Result: a disguise. It was elaborate. For a handsome fee Walter was transformed into a very natural looking gentleman of the upper Italian set.

Then he set about bribing the hotel servants to learn the plans for the future of aunt and niece. He ascertained that they had arranged to sail for home within a week. In the meantime daily the two ladies made their pleasure and shopping rounds.

There was to be an international social event that took the form of a masked ball and Walter learned that the ladies were invited guests. Those attending were required to go in char-"I? never!" declared the wrought- acter costume, or at least to wear a up young lady, her quivering tones mask. He secured an invitation. He I can-clear around the world, but I'll away from the hotel, jumped into a second vehicle and joined their com-

Suddenly he made a discovery. The "I shall take the opposite direction, vehicle containing the ladies, after turned off into a side street. As it fixed the attention of Walter. The It was a foolish quarrel, for never driver of the former carriage swung

"Stop!" ordered Walter instantly. "Get sign-no," returned his driver, with a shrug of the shoulder, and

"You scoundrel—this is some plot!" busiress outside of being listed as cried Walter, and sprang from the president of a large construction com- | vehicle and was down the side street

It was well that he did so. The ment falling to the lot of the subor- days of brigandage were not over in the imperial city. Later Walter knew The trouble was-jealousy. Neither that the practically unprotected Nina Because they were mere a knowledge of her wealth had led to a plan to kidnap her, remove her to a remote mountain fastness and hold her for ransom.

Walter was hot in the wake of the carriage as it drove into the court of an isolated mansion. The driver sprang down. He was about to apply a whistle to his lips to summon his confederates within the building,

when Walter, close at hand, acted, He had seized a heavy piece of a wagon tongue lying in the yard. One blow and the villainous driver went down like a piece of lead. Walter lifted his senseless form up to the seat, sat down beside him, took the lines and drove for the nearest police station.

The alarmed Nina fell to a chair stupefied as, reaching the station, Walter told his story. She glided to his side with contrite face and pleading

"You-you were seeking me!" she sobbed. "It must have been so." "At least I found you," said Walter, with a glad smile.

faltered. "Take me back, won't you-" "Into my heart?" voiced Walter softly. "Why, you have been there | ready when the "snipe" is deposited. always-and ever will be!"

# HAS BEEN TAUGHT LESSON

Approach Too Close to Any Flypaper.

Trix is just a white bulldog and has never taken a course in insectology. gagement ring returned by mail, a His cwner had tied a piece of flypaper cold bow from Walter when next on the outside of the kitchen screen Nina passed him on the street, and door to catch some of the flies that sought to get into the house. Trix walked leisurely up on the porch after perate with the discovery that Nina | spending a half hour looking through the cracks in the rear fence. He no Whither bound he knew not, but by | ticed a commotion on the screen and the end of a week he was pretty well | walked over to investigate. He looked assured that capricious Nina had in- closely at the flypaper. Then he turned his head. Yes, there was no mistaking For another week Walter worried | the sound. Two or three flies, not yet and sorrowed. Finally he came to the ready to give up the ghost, were proconclusion that there was no hope of testing with vigorous buzzes against a reconciliation and decided that it their enforced detainment. One of the was his fate to die of a broken heart! | flies Trix thought particularly big for | It was quite the fad for the idle man a housefly. But the working of his with money to seek consolation in dog mind did not carry him beyond change. He started for Europe by that point. He stepped up closer and

though he did not know that. Nina | The big fly moved again in its sticky had followed out her threat to travel | bed. The dog's nose went closer. The around the world by way of San Fran- | breeze blew a rag hanging on the back porch and it struck Trix on the hind The war broke out while Walter was | leg. Unthinkingly he jerked forward in Paris and he changed his plan of just enough to have his nose come in visiting Russia. The same intelli- contact with the flypaper. There was gence was acquired by Nina while en- a howl and he tore down into the back joying the novelties of Japan. She | yard with the big fly sitting on his | learned that Berlin and Vienna were nose. Into the dirt the dog thrust his now an impossibility to her. Her nose and the bee was rubbed off. It timid, nervous aunt insisted on a was ten minutes before the dog had quick dash for Italy and a speedy fur- made up his mind to take things philo- at the foot of West Thirteenth street. sophically and quit whining about a Walter Bross, installed in the best | bee sitting down on his nose. And | script collection a man could well iming if he had not better join one of per, he will tear the back fence down | tier of the dock. There were trunks

As Others Saw Him. J. Fuller Gloom-I stood on the corthe hostelry. He saw them clearly along the street. Just as I had plunged pretty deeply into philosophiz-"Fate-destiny!" he gasped, for he ing over the matter, two girls fluttered had recognized Nina and her chap- by, and I heard one of them say to was. the other: "Mercy! What homely peoheart beat mightly. It seemed as if a at that awful-looking old man standsentient spark had stirred up all the ing on the corner, for instance!"- | the spectator.



# Los Angeles Has a Really Progressive Church

OS ANGELES.—"The world today wants an electric-lighted, self-starting, Leight-cylinder church," says the pastor of the Trinity Methodist congregation of Los Angeles, and in the erection of Trinity auditorium, a new million-

THE KIDS ENJOY

THE SUNDAY

dollar institution, he believes he has fulfilled the requirements of a "1916 model" religious plant.

The recent completion of the ninestory church building, with social rooms, motion pictures, hotel for men, roof garden, cafeteria, barber shop, smoking room, nursery, hospital and bowling alley, marks the largest enterprise of its kind ever attempted on the Pacific coast.

Activities of the church and Sunday school are confined to the first three floors and roof. There are 326 hotel rooms on the remaining floors, and

I'M HAVIN' A

COOD DAY

FER SHIPES

offices and clubrooms for various religious and secular organizations. In the hotel all are outside rooms, many of which have sleeping porches a hand towards Nina's driver, while and shower baths. On the roof there is ample room for tennis and basketthe latter kept straight on without ball courts and an auditorium to seat 500 persons. The roof garden also is used for entertainment features of church activity. Typical of these was the three days' carnival of fun held for boys during dedication week.

The main auditorium, seating 2,300 people, is fully equipped with stage, orchestra pit, the usual stage curtains, drops and footlights. In addition to this auditorium there are four others, seating from 300 to 500 persons. These rooms are used for Sunday school classes, recitals, club meetings and social

Motion pictures begin the regular Sunday school service, and also are used through the week, when feature photo plays are presented to the public at regular motion picture show rates. The annual income from the auditorium alone is expected to be \$15,000, while the hotel is expected to yield \$75,000 annually, the cafeteria \$10,000, and the clubrooms and storerooms

## Jake, the Snipe Shooter, Annoys Chicago Lawyers

MICAGO.—"Jake" is a "snipe shooter" with a national reputation. "Jake" has held the "common enemy" off with even more success than has Captain Streeter. Desperate appeals have been made to the office District Attor-

ney Charles F. Clyne, but as yet the "snipe shooter" is monarch of all he surveys. "Jake" visits the federal building at 10:05 a.m. every court day of the year, and it is at that time his "pernicious activities" start and they continue as long as there is a court in

Many attorneys, court attaches, litigants and others who enter the federal courtrooms take the precaution to leave their cigars outside. There is only one place these may be left, on

the outside casing of the windows and wainscoting. Court starts at 10 a. m., and at 10:05 a. m. along comes "Jake" and takes the entire collection. Then "Jake," who is a little, old man with white hair and mustache, steps gingerly into the courtroom and takes a seat among the other spectators. After a half hour or so, he steps out again, and there is a fresh supply. All go down into

District Attorney Clyne has been asked to put a stop to "Jake's" practices by visitors to the courtrooms, who are annoyed by the disappearance of their unfinished cigars.

"I can't prosecute 'Jake' unless someone furnishes me with evidence that "Oh, Walter, forgive me! forgive he is taking something of value," said Mr. Clyne. "So far no one has proved me! I have been cruel, wicked," she to my satisfaction that any of the articles he is reported to have taken were of value."

"Jake," who has been operating for years, says nothing, but is always

## Web-Footed Man Wanted to Join Marine Corps

serious. In a spirit of reckless mis- Never Again Will One Particular Dog CYRACUSE, N. Y.—Because a thin membranous filament connecting his toes made him web-footed. Frank Leque, Holtsville, L. I., thought he would make a splendid recruit for that semiaquatic organization, the United



States marine corps, and was keenly disappointed when Sergt. George B. McGee, in charge of the local recruiting station, rejected him for that very reason. Now Leque believes that if Uncle Sam can't use a man-duck, he still has a mission in life, and is contemplating applying for a position as traffic "cop" in the city of unfixed

leaks-Venice. Sergeant McGee of the marines was loath to reject Leque for what he was pleased to term "duckitis," and he

had momentary visions of the Long Island recruit being trained actually to walk on the water and so, in time, to hurdle hot-foot over hissing combers from one vessel to another to deliver his "Don't give up the ship, boys" messages from the admiral.

But perfect feet are absolutely essential to marines, and since the corps is usually filled up to maximum strength with exceptionally well-developed men, the web-footed one was told that he wouldn't do. Now nothing remains for him to do except to join the Venetian traffic squad, or, as another rejected applicant told him, "acquire water on the knee and a floating kidney with your other accomplishments and you could enter the Patagonian navy."

## New Yorkers Buy Unclaimed Steamship Baggage

NIEW YORK .- "You step up, gentlemen," the auctioneer was saying, "and It take your choice and your chance. I don't know what is in these packages, and neither do you. You may get something for nothing." And he might have added that you may get

AN' I PAID \$200

nothing for something. The auctioneer was Max Glauberg. selling the unclaimed baggage that | FER THIShad collected at the Cunard line pier This baggage, about the most nonde-

bags, umbrellas and canes, and a number of packages that looked like bundles of old clothes, but might be bombs. And it is not at all without the pale of reason to think that bombs might be left at the pier. It has been reflected he! Then he arose from the ner the other afternoon and thought done; and when a man leaves a bomb at a pier, whether it goes off or not, he

> seldom if ever claims it. At one point of the sale the autioneer held up a square, villainous looking package from which there was an audible rattling.

"It's going," said he, "going, going-" "If it's going off," said a nervous old gentleman, "I'm gone!" And he

All purchases had to be removed immediately the sale was over, and What to do? The dejected lover's ple one sees on the street! Just look the expressions on the faces of the purchasers, when they found they had bought something of absolutely no use to them, was indescribably funny-to

Two dollars was the maximum bid. So no one was hurt-much.

Early Home of President of the United States.

North Bend, Ohio, Is Known in History as Having Contained the Residence of Gen. William Henry Harrison.

The home of Gen. William Henry Harrison, at North Bend, which he maintained all through the years of his public services, and to which he retired when in private life, was really in part a log cabin. One who was a guest there in 1846 describes it as a long, rambling structure, part two stories in height, but mostly with one story, with the wide front facing the Ohio river, from which it stood back about three hundred yards.

There were nine rooms in all on the ground floor, says the Columbus Dispatch, and one of these-a large onewas the log portion, it evidently having been originally a log cabin standing by itself, but the owner had built additions to it as need was felt and means permitted, until he had quite a pretentious country residence. The whole of the exterior had been covered with clapboards-sawed boards being too expensive in those daysand the clapboards were painted white. Seen from the river at the bend, it is said to have presented a very beautiful aspect, the white building in its setting of green in summer being particularly striking.

In this leg cabin portion of his residence General Harrison often entertained companies of friends, and cider was the beverage used at these dinners. This hospitality was famous just prior to the presidential campaign in which he led the Whigs, and the contest became known in political circles as the log cabin and hard cider campaign.

son. Mrs. Harrison returned to the old home at North Bend, and there spent the rest of her life. General Harrison owned a large farm, and it was managed by his son-in-law, W. H. around from right to left.

H. Taylor. of Judge J. C. Symmes and was born years old, her death occurring in 1864, near the close of the Civil war. her distinguished husband in the soil of the old farm, where in all probability a suitable monument will soon be erected by the joint efforts of the nation and the state of Ohio.

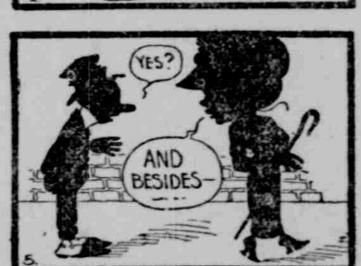
### NOTHING DOING













Quite Naturally. "That girl you see just passing us tioner in the room." has a lot of fellows crazy about her." "Here he trod on her foot for the "Why, she's very unattractive. Who eleventh time, and the girl answered is she?"

"One of the nurses in an insane hospital ward."

#### HERE IS THE LATEST ALIBI

Briton Asserted He Was Full Quinine When Arrested for Assaulting Man After Altercation.

At a London police court recently. Frederick Hewlett Burton-Brown, fiftythree years old, who was in the uniform of a captain in the royal army medical corps, was charged on remand with being drunk and riotous and with assaulting William Imrie, a horsekeeper of Bloomsbury square, by striking him on the head with an

electric torch, says the Lordon Times. The attorney who appeared for the defendant said that on the night he was arrested he was leading an officer who had lost his sight in the Dardanelles and when crossing the road switched on an electric torch to see his way. There had been a Zeppelin attack some twenty minutes earlier and the prosecutor thought he might be signaling the Zeppelins and protested. The defendant became excited and a policeman who appeared on the scene wrongly thought that his excitement was due to drink, and arrested him. The defendant had suffered from Indian malaria and had been taking large doses of quinine, which accounted for his condition when he was arrested. He desired to express his regret for any injury he might have caused the prosecutor and was willing to compensate him.

The magistrate allowed both charges to be withdrawn.

\$10.75 A.S.

#### FOR LEFT-HANDED PERSONS

Michigan Jeweler Has Put Forward a Timepiece That Is a Triumph of the Art.

E. P. Foley, a local jeweler, has made the fabled reaper obey that poetic summons, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight," a Kalamazoo (Mich.) correspondent of the New York Sun writes. He has accomplished this seemingly impossible After the death of President Harri- thing by the simple expedient of inventing a left-handed watch. Instead of running from left to right, as in the case of the ordinary timepiece, Mr. Foley's watch sends its hands

The watch was made because one of Mrs. Harrison, who was a daughter | the inventor's daughters complained that the left-handed person has such a in New Jersey, lived to be eighty-nine | slim chance in life-machinery, street car doors, and even the hands of the clock-went toward the right hand, as Her body lies buried beside that of | if to balk the person who happens to be left handed.

Just to meet the situation, Foley designed and built the left-handed watch. Other left-handed persons, observing the ease with which time is told on the backward dials, expressed an interest, and it has been found necessary to start a little manufacturing company to turn out left-handed watches and clocks. A left-handed wrist watch, to be worn very properly on the left wrist, is the next thing to be turned out.

## On Framing Pictures.

A few years ago I heard George Bernard Shaw give a lecture before the Camera club in London. The one thing that I remember that he said was that, in going into a house, he could always tell the degree of culture and refinement there was in that house by the width of the mats on the pictures. Of course, Mr. Shaw was trying to be funny as usual, and as usual there was lots of truth in what he said. If every one would make a tour of the house with that in mind, take down those pictures with the wide white or colored mats and have them reframed close, or if a certain one seems to demand a mat, have a very narrow one put on it, they would really be surprised to see the improvement in the appearance of the rooms. In many cases the same frames could be used; they would only need to be cut down .-- Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Important Discovery.

The discovery of a prehistoric pueblo in Nitsu canyon, in the Navajo mountains of Arizona, has added materially to the archeological developments of the year. It contains at least eighty-four rooms, or apartments, which are all more or less connected with each other. In some of these most interesting specimens of ancient handiwork have been found. Among them is a large, handsome shawl covered with elaborate embroidery which is in excellent preservation, although it is known to be at least a thousand years old. Beads of jade and other material.

baskets, prayer sticks, a large variety of pottery, including several goodsized cllas in the rare black and white ware and some ornate moccasins of yucca fiber, are among the articles taken from the old ruins. They will be added to the museum of the University of Arizona.

## Tongue in Cheek.

George H. Stege, president of the Society for the Prevention of Municipal Waste, says that he could easily save New York \$17,000,000 a year.

"To praise New York's economy," said Mr. Stege the other day, "one would have to speak with the tongue in the cheek-like the girl at the dance, you know.

dance: 'It's very kind of you to hesitation with me-me, the worst hesita-

"A fat man panted to a girl at the

sweetly: "'Oh, how can you say so? Why,

you hardly seem to touch the floor!"